The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VII.] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1794. [NUMBER 314.

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (*Yorick's Head*) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

The HISTORY *of* MISS SEYMOUR.

An affecting and true story.

[*Continued.*]

FOR this situation Mr. Stanford was well qualified by nature and education—and uniting to talents great assiduity and integrity, he soon gained the confidence and friendship of his employer: to his compensation were often added liberal donations, such as enabled us to support our present stile of life with comfort and ease. Nay, finding our family likely to encrease, we contrived ways to lay up a small capital as a provision for a rainy day—this we knew would be constantly accumulating, and would one day be a help to the sweet little pledge of love, which indulgent Heaven presented us, ten months after our union.

On the birth of my lovely boy, new concerns occupied my mind, and new pleasures opened on my heart, that led me to forget the hardships of a separation from the parent that gave me being. Mr. Stanford's attention to me seemed to increase on this event. He devised new pretexts for visiting home, and found ways of accomplishing more of his business at our own little retreat—in short, we both now seemed perfectly reconciled to our lot—we pardoned, and began to remember no more the severities we had felt. In our devotions, in books, our own conversation, domestic endearments, and the society of a few friends, who occasionally visited us, we possessed as many of the enjoyments of life, as others who moved in a higher circle, and who plumed themselves on their birth and fortune.

And here let me add my testimony, to that of many of the wisest and best of mankind, in favor of a state of mediocrity, when connected with constant employment, with peace and affection at home. Poverty is less dreadful, I verily believe, at hand, than at a distance. While afar, it is seen through a mist—and bulks largely on the view: when it approaches nigh, it often lays aside its terrors, and if it be not the effect of sloth or crime, it is often so tempered by the sympathy of the good, and by internal consolations, that it is by no means difficult of endurance.

In this situation we continued upwards of two years, in which period providence was pleased to give us two charming girls, at a birth, in addition to our first-born. To provide for these, was our pleasing employ, and to look forward to their future improvement and happy settlement in life, afforded ample room for fancy and hope:—but ah! how dark and mysterious are the ways of Providence! how sudden and distressing many of the vicissitudes of life! one unlooked-for, melancholy event, put a period to this state of contentment I enjoyed, robbed me of my highest temporal happiness, and brought me to the very brink of the grave.

It happened one day, that Mr. Stanford was called to go a few miles from the city, to receive a sum of money that was due to the person whom he served. He hired a horse in the morning, and promised to be back early in the afternoon—he was detained something longer than he expected—it was late in the afternoon before he set off—on his return home, as he approached the city, he was stopped by two ruffians, who demanded his money.—He did not chuse tamely to submit to their demands, but with his whip attempted resistance.—The villains, armed with bludgeons, attacked him with violence—knocked him down, stript him of his money and great part of his clothes—and left him for dead in the highway. Some benevolent travellers, who happened shortly after to be coming towards London, had him taken up, and conveyed to the next public house—restoratives were applied; and through the influence of medical aid, he was soon sufficiently possessed of his senses, to relate his name, place of abode, business and misfortune—He requested to be conveyed home as soon as possible, and his request was kindly complied with.—He was brought to his home; but oh, my God! in how different circumstances from those in which he had left me in the morning—from those in which I expected to meet him—I execrated myself for consenting to his leaving me—I murmured at my lot, and in the agony of my soul (I tremble at the remembrance) aspersed the goodness, the justice of my Maker—I was frantic, I believe, for a considerable time after he was restor'd to my arms: all the afternoon previous to the misfortune, I had felt an unusual anxiety—but I thought it arose from the timidity of my nature—little did I imagine, that in place of a healthy and cheerful, I should receive a bleeding husband.—All night did I sit by him, attend his wants, and endeavor to alleviate his pains—when the surgeon dressed his wounds in the evening, he found that his skull was fractured by the blows he had received—He recommended a consultation—it was called—and trepanning was advised and resolved on—I objected, but was obliged to submit: the operation was performed—but it was of little avail—a high fever ensued, and his reason forsook him—he talked incessantly of his dear Amelia—of his darling babes—and the cruelty of the ruffians. Day and night did I watch and weep over him—His incoherencies alarmed—and his many proofs of a strong, though bewildered affection, melted and oppressed my heart—freely would I have surrendered mine to restore his health—but it was beyond the reach even of medical skill—I was flattered by friends and physicians with the hope that his disorder would take a favorable turn—and it did—the fever abated he became clear and rational, but oh, for how short a space! he called me to the bed side, and desired to see his children they were brought. He looked at them with a peculiar softness; it seemed to be a look of parting tenderness, as the last glances of parental solicitude: my agony and my fears increased. I kneeled down by his bed-side, and taking his hand, which began to feel cold, and was covered with a chill perspiration, "my dearest Charles," said I, "what is the matter?"—"Be not alarmed, my love," said he: but I must leave you very soon,"—O my God, my God!" cried I: it was all I could say—my sight, my senses left me—I swooned away: all that I can recollect of myself afterwads, is, that when I came to myself, I found I had been conveyed to another chamber that several friends stood around me in tears: with my first returning breath, I enquired about my dear Charles: they replied, that they hoped a change had taken place for the better; that I had best try and compose myself. I insisted on being conveyed back to my husband; but while we were conversing on the matter, a child came hastily into the room, and cried out, "Mr. Stanford is dead." These words reached my heart like a shock of lightning, and with the lightning's power: had it finished my being, how grateful would I have been (if gratitude be known in the regions of silence.) Again my reason left me, and many days elapsed before it returned. I still possess a faint recollection of some of the wild rambles of imagination I experienced at this time, how much my heart and mind were fastened to the image of my dear deceased Charles. I have since been informed, that Mr. Plunket came to see me; he had attended the funeral of his nephew, and compassionating my condition, directed me to be conveyed with my babes to his own house. He wrote to my father, giving a state of facts, but will I be credited when I say, that a father's heart had been so alienated by his present wife, from his suffering child, that he contented himself with writing to Mr. Plunket, and lamented my situation, but without any offer of assistance, or even coming to see me? The parents of my poor Charles were more compassionate. They could not endure to visit the father's offence on his innocent offspring: they took my two little girls home with them: my boy they left with Mr. Plunket, but insisted, as soon as my situation would admit, on receiving us in their own house.

My Julia had supported a constant though forbidding correspondence with her brother and myself, came with her father, and remained some time to attend me. Her affection and tenderness were of infinite service: by means of it, and a strict observance of physician's directions, I was, in a few weeks, restored again to myself: but from my delirium, to how dreadful a reality did I awake!—deprived of the excellent and beloved partner of my soul, on whom all my affection and hopes of happiness had rested, I found myself a solitary widow, with the charge of three poor little orphans on my hands—I looked around me for some object of comfort, on which to lean: but all had deserted me. I was in the barren desart, thirsty, yet without water. I was a pilgrim, cast on a strange coast, with scarcely one sympathetic friend, that could minister to my wants; all hopes and pursuits seemed to have come to a fatal, and final period. I felt as if I had nothing worth living for, save my destitute babes; and often, notwithstanding this tie, has my forlorn heart most ardently prayed to the supreme Being to reunite me to the departed object of my love—oh! with what extacy would I have laid down my life, and on the swiftest wings of an ardent and sublime affection, have ascended to the only one I ever loved supremely. But it was the will of Heaven, that I should continue here longer, to drink still part of the cup of woe, and to feel the weight of accumulated distress—I now

endured existence for the sake of the dear descendants of my Charles, and had it not been for them, I had felt no tie strong enough to bind me to the world. [*The remainder in our next.*]

ORIGINAL CONNECTICUT STORY.

AT the last county court holden in Litchfield, in Connecticut, an elderly man, a stranger in that town, in the course of conversation, laid a considerable bet, that he would work a stratagem to obtain from any of the lawyers a number of dollars within the run of an hour. The person on whom it was determined he should make his experiment was Major Tracy; the court was engaged in business, and the Major professionally detained for some time, but at length yielded to the stranger's importunity and withdrew from the court. When they got down stairs, the old gentleman informed the Major that he was in want of information in a certain matter and having sought in vain among professional men in their quarters, had now come upwards of a hundred miles to obtain it: that the fame of Major Tracy had proclaimed him a gentleman so universally well informed on all subjects, that he could not but flatter himself with the idea of succeeding in his present application. The Major and a considerable number of spectators having listened attentively to the stranger's harangue, waited impatiently to hear the business: After a while the stranger informed the Major that he was about raising a good litter or two of puppies, and wanted information where he could find a likely breeding bitch. The peals of laughter which succeeded, joined to the oddity of the incident and the grossness of the insult, were too much for the Major to bear; in short it overcame his philosophy so effectually that he struck the addresser several times, who calmly craved the interference of the company, and then called evidence of the breach of peace by Major Tracy, of which he meant instantly to enter a complaint—The Major, sensible of the justice of the stranger's claim to damages, and feeling loth to appear as a defendant in so ludicrous a case, paid him a handsome sum as damages, on condition of his calling lawyer Reeves from the bar, and proposing the same question to him. Lawyer Reeves was accordingly called as on a case of emergency, the same curious conversation took place, and the same consequence ensued: Mr. Reeves making the same agreement as Mr. Tracy had done, viz, that Mr Buel should be complimented in the same way; which being accordingly done, and terminated in a violent breach of the peace, and some little injury to the punster, from the activity of Mr. Buel, and the weight of his fist and foot; to prevent complaint, a reference was agreed to, and Messrs. Tracy and Reeves mutually chosen arbitrators, who after a few minutes consultation, fined Mr. Buel in a sum equal to what they had paid themselves, and the old man a few bottels of wine to treat the company, which reward being mutually honored, and executed, the stranger trotted off pleased with the booty obtained & the idea of having extracted a sum of money by art from the most artful men in society.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

On CONTENTMENT.

THE Peasant contented with the portion allotted him, by Providence, is more to be envied than the wealthy or great. Habituated to rural life and unaccustomed to the refinements of a more exalted station, his cottage appears equal to a palace, and his simple repast to the luxuries of the great. Happy are they who possess a contented mind, who aspire not after wealth or fame, but spend their days in simplicity and peace.

May 15. ALFRED.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To the LADIES *of* C——y-*Street*.

ERATO, sweetest muse, assist my lays,
While I advent'rous sound the chord of praise,
Or dare proclaim the beauties of the fair,
The winning virtues, or the modest air,
The matchless persons, and their forms replete
With ev'ry grace, who dwell in Ch—y-S—t.
Hush! youth forbear, methinks the Muse reply'd.
Nor dare attempt each beauty to discribe;
Tho' sweet th' employ, with worth to fill the page,
To count E——'s charms would cost an age;
Life is too short to sound her praises forth,
Volumes too small to mention half her worth;
Still would I rathly the fond theme pursue,
And strive to paint those beauties to the view;
For this, once more, oh, Muse! thy power I ask,
Then aid my fancy in this pleasing task.

But say, whose beauties first wilt thou rehearse?
Who most from virtuous merit claims thy verse?
Or her, whose face, whose form in ev'ry part,
Proclaims her nature's master-piece of art?
Or wilt thou like yon glorious orb of light,
That forms our day, or points our path by night,
Rise in the East, and with descriptive force,
Pursue the street as he pursues his course.

Then first oh, Jane! thy beauties meet our eyes,
Beauties which B——t knows how much to prize,
And while he fondly gazes on thy charms,
The rapturous glow of love his bosom warms;
Thy gentle manners void of ev'ry art,
Thy graceful smile has bound his generous heart;
Intent on these he knows no other fair,
Thou art his life, his thoughts, his joy, his care.

Next Ellen, whom the muses oft have sung,
Whose charms so oft have thro' this Museum rung;
Who flippant *Crito* anxious for to please,
Pourtray'd with "*grace, wit, sense, and sparkling ease:*"
But well might Crito thus exulting praise,
And proudly tune his best, his fondest lays,
For Ellen, such thy face, thy form, thy air,
Few greater beauties boast, few half so fair;
Whoe'er those lovely sable tresses sees,
In graceful ringlets kiss the passing breeze;
Thy form angelic, or those lovely eyes,
Feels the warm with the fond effusion rise.

But why 'midst those who to thy beauty bow,
Has no fond youth proffer'd the nuptial vow;
Why not enraptur'd by thy winning charms,
Sigh'd to enclose you in his longing arms;
Do they inconstant from the nuptial bow'r
Fly off like insects, when they taste the flow'r;
Or can no sighs or tears your pity move,
Warm your cold heart, or wake your soul to love:
Consider Ellen, least those vain delays
Should waste your charms, & steal your youthful days
And thou be doom'd in Pluto's drear domain,
To lead a cap'ring ape in silken chain.

But hark! what cruel nymph could cause to rise
Those piercing groans, or wake those mournful sighs?
Rebecca! say, art thou the cruel fair,
And M—e the swain that rends with sighs the air?
Ah, Ben!—too much I fear this mournful strain,
Those sighs, those tears, alas! are all in vain;
You gaze in vain with rapture on her charms,
In vain your bosom beats to soft alarms;
Some happier youth possesses all her care,
Her love—and leaves thee nought but sad despair;
Since then is banish'd ev'ry ray of hope,
Use that sure cure for love, *an end of rope.*

Miss ——— now with measur'd pace is seen,
With tortur'd feature studied gate and mein;
Of self importance, affectation full,
Formal and serious, phlegmatic and dull;
Pity, alas! that we so often find,
Vain affectation taint the female mind.

Lovely as morn that ushers in the day,
When choirs of warblers hail returning May;
And nature lavish, o'er her carpet strews
Her opening flowers of various hues;
Blythe as the lark that wakes to early love,
Meek as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
Does lovely R**d**n meet our wand'ring eyes,
Raise the fond wish and fill us with surprise:
Those baneful passions which so often are,
Unhap'ly nurs'd in bosoms of the fair,
In that dear breast could ne'er an entrance find,
Nor e'er contaminate that virtuous mind;
Nor affectation with her stiffen'd mein,
And tortur'd features ever could be seen;
But following nature, all her actions tend
To charm the lover, or to fix the friend.

Those praises, Nancy, equally thy due,
For all those gentler virtues dwell with you;
Thy form is grace replete in ev'ry part,
But far much nobler graces fill thy heart;
Those, those shall far outlive frail beauty's ray,
Smile e'en in age, and never know decay.

Eliza form'd with ev'ry charm to please,
Won the soft heart and mould it at her ease,
Now claims my lay—had I Pope's tuneful lyre,
His fertile genius, his poetic fire,
The sweetest verse of love should fondly flow,
The heart exult, the best idea glow,
"To paint that fair, that lovely blushing cheek,
Those beauteous eyes that eloquently speak;
That modest front where candor ever dwells,
Where smiling innocence each art repels,
Those nectar'd lips, with tints of glowing red,
Which are with sense and goodness ever fed;
That skin, pure, spotless, and of dazzling hue,"
Prone to betray the bright ethereal blue;
That lovely neck, that shape, that grace, that air,
Those thousand nameless charms that deck the fair;
These when the Muse in brightest numbers drew,
Would be but faintly pictur'd to the view;
Then sure no pen howe'er sublime, no art
Can paint the richer beauties of her heart. N.

[*To be continued.*]

Sunday Monitor, No. 4.

FOR MAY 18.

I am poor and needy and my heart is wounded within me, Psalm cix. 22—DIVINE ANSWER; *I know thy poverty, but thou art rich,* Rev. ii. 9. For *blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,* Matt. v. 3 *The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the* LORD *that seek him: your heart, shall live for ever,* Psal. xxii. 27. *The* LORD *healeth the broken in heart, the* LORD *lifts up the meek,* Psal. cxlvii. 3. 6 *A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoaken flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory,* Matt. xii 20.

SUCH are the tender mercies of CHRIST towards the weakest of his people, that he supplies them from time to time with all proportionable strength, till at last they are able to gain a complete victory. As soon therefore as we are sensible of our poverty, or miserable condition, and are truly desirous of grace and strength to overcome sin, we have actually some grace and spiritual life, and are delivered already from the jaws of hell: for there is no such feeling in dead souls; and in hell there is only a desire to be delivered from the punishment, but not from sin itself.

Bless'd are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

NEW-YORK, MAY 17.

MONDAY last being the Anniversary of TAMMANY SOCIETY or COLUMBIAN ORDER, the Society met at 9 o'clock, according to adjournment; a procession was formed, and they proceeded in the usual order to the New Dutch Church, where a Patriotic Oration shewing the advantages of union and Public spirit, was delivered by Brother John B. Johnson, much to the satisfaction of the Society and a very numerous audiance. In the afternoon, at their festival, they were favored with the company of the Mayor, and the French Consul, when the following toasts were drank:

1. Union.
2. The President of the United States.
3. Both houses of Congress, may their wisdom and fidelity be ever rewarded with the gratitude and confidence of their constitutents.
4. The Governor of the State of New-York.
5. The chief Justice of the United States, and success to his mission.
6. The French Republic, may wisdom guide their councils, and success crown their arms.
7. May the lights of knowledge be ever considered as essential to illuminate the path of Freedom, and the public happiness.
8. The equal Rights of Man.
9. Freedom and Peace to all the world.
10. Our brothers in Algiers.
11. A reform of our penal code.
12. Commerce, Agriculture, and the Arts.
13. The day and all who honor it.

Volunteer from the Chair.

The Mayor and Corporation of the city of New-York.

Volunteer from the Mayor.

Perpetuity to the Tammany Society and prosperity to its members.

The Society would have been honored with the company of the Governor, had he not shewn by his polite apology that he was previously engaged.

A variety of patriotic songs were sung, and the day was spent with the usual hilarity and humour, which characterize the sons of Tammany.

Monday moring, 9 oclock, the hon. *JOHN JAY*, Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Great Britain, with Mr. TRUMBULL, his secretary, embarked for London on board the ship Ohio, Capt. Kemp.

Wednesday afternoon, the small French schooner which was formerly tender to the Ambuscade, in attempting to cross from Gibbet-Island, during the severe gust, was upset and sunk, and all who were on board perished, being ten in number; one of whom was a doctor, five officers belonging to the different French vessels in this harbor, and four sailors. The above particulars are stated agreeably to the information of a ferryman, who left the island a few minutes previous to the schooner, and was one of those who went in pursuit of her, but could neither find the vessel, or any thing belonging thereto.

The resolution of Mr. W. Smith for continuing the Embargo, was, on Monday last, taken up in the House.

After some debate on the question for the continuance of the Embargo, the yeas and nays were called for, and are as follow:

For the continuance of the Embargo,	13
Against it,	73

JOHN LAURANCE, Esq. of this city, has been appointed Judge of the New-York District Court.

Extract of a letter just received from Philadelphia, dated 9th inst.

The report is—the Sloop Betsey Capt. Parsons, is just arrived from Aux-Cays, which he left the 21st of April, and says that on the 19th Captain Matthews with three frigates and 800 men appeared before Aux Cays, and was joined by an officer of Polverills commanding a detachment of the Regiment of Dillon; that Polverill was summoned to surrender in 24 hours, who complied on condition that his person and property should be secured and be permitted to reside at Jamaica until the peace.

Extract of a letter from Boston, dated May 8.

There is a report just circulated that a vessel has arrived at Portsmouth from England, which bring accounts that the French have taken Guernsey and Jersey, and that their fleet rides trumphant in the channel; if so, John Bull must consent to peace—But perhaps this only the lie of the day.

PHILADELPHIA, *May 12.*

From the Courier Francois of Saturday last.

St. Domingo.

The last event at port-au-Prince has created consternation in every heart—It shews how much France is deceived by the usurpers who destroy the country in its name, whilst the English and Spaniards under the pretext of preservation or, protection compleat on their part the ruin of this flourishing colony—(Of this several letters from St. Domingo assures us) In this unfortunate city (Port-au-prince) the whites reduced to a state of weakness and nullity the most wretched, waited in silence a change in their situation, when Santhonax, and Monbrun, mutally jealous of their respective authorities, contemplated a decisive stroke to assure each to himself the superiority.

Monbrun, sure of the corps of Equality which he had attached to himself all the officers, troubled Santhonax, who under the pretence that the English threatened Port-au-Prince, went to the prisons harangued the prisoners, and offered them their liberty on condition of their joining the battallion d'Artois, to compleat it; the prisoners consented, were armed and posted in one part of the fortifications, whilst the troops of equality occupied the other. This augmentation of force appeared to Monbrun a project to determine the inferiority of his party; he immediately formed a resolution to oppose it. On the night of the following day, Monbrun attacked the works with the corps of Equality; surprized the new battallion d'Artois, and massacred a great number; the alarm spread to all parts; all the whites found in the streets were shot. In this frightful confusion all the inhabitants, men, women and children, who could save themselves, sought refuge, some at Leogane, others at Archaye. Santhonax seeing his party crushed, retired to Fort L'Illet, with about 80 whites, determined to defend themselves; Monbrun summoned him to surrender in an hour, or he would massacre all the whites in the city, men, women and children to the number of 250. Santhonax seeing he could not resist, surrendered to Monbrun; the 80 whites he had with him saved themselves by fleeing to Leogane and Archaye. Behold then Santhonax in the power of Monbrun, who will have an eye upon him.

It is reported that 500 whites were murdered on this occasion. That the Negro Hyacinth released from prison by this event, marched immediately to Cul-desac, and entered the town with 6 or 7000 negroes; he has possessed himself of the Forts St. Joseph and St. Clair, determined to resist Santhonax and Monbrun.

Thus to the continual shock of authorities, the evil designs of foreign powers, perpetual divisions, the pretentions of one party, and the weakness of the other, may be ascribed the ruin of this miserable colony. For if all their efforts had been turned to its preservation, it is not law which they have abused, till it is lost would have destroyed them. Union would have been their security.

Extract of a letter from Captain Andrew Lewis, commanding the State troops, on the frontiers of Virginia, to a member of Congress, April 18.

"On the 6th inst. the Indians, not having an opportunity to do mischief immediately on the frontiers, came through the settlement within 15 miles of Abington, where the people were, as they thought, in perfect security. They fell on the family of a Mr. Livingston, and murdered and took the whole. My troops went in pursuit of them, and I have not yet heard the event.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening, the 5th inst. at Morristown, Mr. STANTON LATHAM, of this city, to Miss ANNE CARMICHAEL of that place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JOHN VAN NORDER, to Miss MARGARET YOUNG—both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Law, Mr. RICHARD CONRAD HAM, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH COWENHOVEN, of Brooklyn, Long-Island.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. DAVID MORGAN, to Miss MARGARET BURNS—both of this city.

Same Evening by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. THOMAS NEWCOMB of Dutchess County to Miss RACHAEL HOPPER daughter of Mr. Andrew Hopper, merchant of this city.

Mr. MARTIN'S NIGHT.

THEATRE.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

On MONDAY EVENING, *will be presented,*

A COMEDY, (never performed in America) written by Mrs. Cowley, called, A

Bold Stroke for a Husband.

Previous to the Play, an Occasional Address by Mr. MARTIN.

To which will be added, a Musical Farce, *called,*

Flora; Or, Hob in the Well.

To conclude with a NEW PANTOMIME, *called,*

Trick upon Trick;

Or, HARLEQUIN SHEPHERD.

With entire new Tricks, Machinery, &c. the whole to conclude with a DANCE of Shepherds and Shepherdesses round the May-Pole, with Harlequin and Columbine as the king and queen of the May.

N. B. Tickets to be had of Mr. MARTIN No. 14 John-Street, facing the THEATRE.

Mr. MARTIN begs leave to inform the Public, that the Pantomime of HARLIQUIN SHEPHERD, which he intends for his Benefit is completely novel and entertaining, and contains a number of humourous feats, which he flatters himself will not only prove amusing, but give ample satisfaction to his generous Patrons.

CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY.

THE *Members of the* CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY *will please to take notice, that the next Meeting will be held at Mr. Latham's in Garden-street, opposite the Dutch Church, where punctual attendance is expected.*

endured exiſtence for the ſake of the dear deſcendants of my Charles, and had it not been for them, I had felt no tie ſtrong enough to bind me to the world. [*The remainder in our next.*]

ORIGINAL CONNECTICUT STORY.

AT the laſt county court holden in Litchfield, in Connecticut, an elderly man, a ſtranger in that town, in the courſe of converſation, laid a conſiderable bet, that he would work a ſtratagem to obtain from any of the lawyers a number of dollars within the run of an hour. The perſon on whom it was determined he ſhould make his experiment was Major Tracy; the court was engaged in buſineſs, and the Major profeſſionally detained for ſome time, but at length yielded to the ſtranger's importunity and withdrew from the court. When they got down ſtairs, the old gentleman informed the Major that he was in want of information in a certain matter and having ſought in vain among profeſſional men in their quarters, had now come upwards of a hundred miles to obtain it: that the fame of Major Tracy had proclaimed him a gentleman ſo univerſally well informed on all ſubjects, that he could not but flatter himſelf with the idea of ſucceeding in his preſent application. The Major and a conſiderable number of ſpectators having liſtened attentively to the ſtranger's harangue, waited impatiently to hear the buſineſs: After a while the ſtranger informed the Major that he was about raiſing a good litter or two of puppies, and wanted information where he could find a likely breeding bitch. The peals of laughter which ſucceeded, joined to the oddity of the incident and the groſſneſs of the inſult, were too much for the Major to bear; in ſhort it overcame his philoſophy ſo effectually that he ſtruck the addreſſer ſeveral times, who calmly craved the interference of the company, and then called evidence of the breach o' peace by Major Tracy, of which he meant inſtantly to enter a complaint—The Major, ſenſible of the juſtice of the ſtranger's claim to damages, and feeling loth to appear as a defendant in ſo ludicrous a caſe, paid him a handſome ſum as damages, on condition of his calling lawyer Reeves from the bar, and propoſing the ſame queſtion to him. Lawyer Reeves was accordingly called as on a caſe of emergency, the ſame curious converſation took place, and the ſame conſequence enſued: Mr. Reeves making the ſame agreement as Mr. Tracy had done, viz, that Mr Buel ſhould be complimented in the ſame way; which being accordingly done, and terminated in a violent breach of the peace, and ſome little injury to the punſter, from the activity of Mr. Buel, and the weight of his fiſt and foot; to prevent complaint, a reference was agreed to, and Meſſrs. Tracy and Reeves mutually choſen arbitrators, who after a few minutes conſultation, fined Mr. Buel in a ſum equal to what they had paid themſelves, and the old man a few bottels of wine to treat the company, which reward being mutually honored, and executed, the ſtranger trotted off pleaſed with the booty obtained & the idea of having extracted a ſum of money by art from the moſt artful men in ſociety.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

On CONTENTMENT.

THE Peaſant contented with the portion allotted him, by Providence, is more to be envied than the wealthy or great. Habituated to rural life and unaccuſtomed to the refinements of a more exalted ſtation, his cottage appears equal to a palace, and his ſimple repaſt to the luxuries of the great. Happy are they who poſſeſs a contented mind, who aſpire not after wealth or fame, but ſpend their days in ſimplicity and peace.

May 15. ALFRED.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To the LADIES *of* C——*y-Street.*

ERATO, ſweeteſt muſe, aſſiſt my lays,
While I advent'rous ſound the chord of praiſe,
Or dare proclaim the beauties of the fair,
The winning virtues, or the modeſt air,
The matchleſs perſons, and their forms replete
With ev'ry grace, who dwell in Ch—y-S—t.
Huſh! youth forbear, methinks the Muſe reply'd.
Nor dare attempt each beauty to diſcribe;
Tho' ſweet th' employ, with worth to fill the page,
To count E——'s charms would coſt an age;
Life is too ſhort to ſound her praiſes forth,
Volumes too ſmall to mention half her worth;
Still would I rathly the fond theme purſue,
And ſtrive to paint thoſe beauties to the view;
For this, once more, oh, Muſe! thy power I aſk,
Then aid my fancy in this pleaſing taſk.

But ſay, whoſe beauties firſt wilt thou rehearſe?
Who moſt from virtuous merit claims thy verſe?
Or her, whoſe face, whoſe form in ev'ry part,
Proclaims her nature's maſter-piece of art?
Or wilt thou like yon glorious o
That forms our day, or points o
Riſe in the Eaſt, and with deſcri
Purſue the ſtreet as he purſues h

Then firſt oh, Jane! thy beau
Beauties which B——t knows h
And while he fondly gazes on t
The rapturous glow of love his
Thy gentle manners void of ev'
Thy graceful ſmile has bound hi
Intent on theſe he knows no oth
Thou art his life, his thoughts,

Next Ellen, whom the muſes
Whoſe charms ſo oft have thro'
Who flippant *Crito* anxious for
Pourtray'd with "*grace, wit,*
taſte:"
But well might Crito thus exult
And proudly tune his beſt, his
For Ellen, ſuch thy face, thy f
Few greater beauties boaſt, tee
Whoe'er thoſe lovely ſable tref
In graceful ringlets kiſs the paſ
Thy form angelic, or thoſe lo
Feels the warm with the fond e

But why 'midſt thoſe who to
Has no fond youth proffer'd th
Why not enraptur'd by thy wi
Sigh'd to encloſe you in his lon
Do they inconſtant from the n
Fly off like inſects, when they
Or can no ſighs or tears your
Warm your cold heart, or wak
Conſider Ellen, leaſt thoſe vai
Should waſte your charms, & ſte
And thou be doom'd in Pluto's drear domain,
To lead a cap'ring ape in ſilken chain.

But hark! what cruel nymph could cauſe to riſe
Thoſe piercing groans, or wake thoſe mournful ſighs?
Rebecca! ſay, art thou the cruel fair,
And M—e the ſwain that rends with ſighs the air?
Ah, Ben!—too much I fear this mournful ſtrain,
Thoſe ſighs, thoſe tears, alas! are all in vain;
You gaze in vain with rapture on her charms,
In vain your boſom beats to ſoft alarms;
Some happier youth poſſeſſes all her care,
Her love—and leaves thee nought but ſad deſpair;
Since then is baniſh'd ev'ry ray of hope,
Uſe that ſure cure for love, *an end of rope.*

Miſs ——— now with meaſur'd pace is ſeen,
With tortur'd feature ſtudied gate and mein;
Of ſelf importance, affectation full,
Formal and ſerious, phlegmatic and dull;
Pity, alas! that we ſo often find,
Vain affectation taint the female mind.

Lovely as morn that uſhers in the day,
When choirs of warblers hail returning May;
And nature laviſh, o'er her carpet ſtrews
Her opening flowers of various hues;
Blythe as the lark that wakes to early love,
Meek as the lamb, and harmleſs as the dove,
Does lovely R**d**n meet our wand'ring eyes,
Raiſe the fond wiſh and fill us with ſurpriſe:
Thoſe baneful paſſions which ſo often are,
Unhap'ly nurs'd in boſoms of the fair,
In that dear breaſt could ne'er an entrance find,
Nor e'er contaminate that virtuous mind;
Nor affectation with her ſtiffen'd mein,
And tortur'd features ever could be ſeen;
But following nature, all her actions tend
To charm the lover, or to fix the friend.

Thoſe praiſes, Nancy, equally thy due,
For all thoſe gentler virtues dwell with you;
Thy form is grace replete in ev'ry part,
But far much nobler graces fill thy heart;
Theſe, theſe ſhall far outlive frail beauty's ray,
Smile e'en in age, and never know decay.

Eliza form'd with ev'ry charm to pleaſe,
Win the ſoft heart and mould it at her eaſe,
Now claims my lay—had I Pope's tuneful lyre,

LIG
PRI

break, and ſmoaking flax ſhall he not quench, till he ſend forth judgment unto victory, Matt. xii 20.

SUCH are the tender mercies of CHRIST towards the weakeſt of his people, that he ſupplies them from time to time with all proportionable ſtrength, till at laſt they are able to gain a complete victory. As ſoon therefore as we are ſenſible of our poverty, or miſerable condition, and are truly deſirous of grace and ſtrength to overcome ſin, we have actually ſome grace and ſpiritual life, and are delivered already from the jaws of hell: for there is no ſuch feeling in dead ſouls; and in hell there is only a deſire to be delivered from the puniſhment, but not from ſin itſelf.

Bleſs'd are the humble ſouls, that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
The blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

NEW-YORK, MAY 17.

MONDAY last being the Anniverſary of TAMMANY SOCIETY or COLUMBIAN ORDER, the Society met at 9 o'clock, according to adjournment; a proceſſion was formed, and they proceeded in the uſual order to the New Dutch Church, where a Patriotic Oration ſhewing the advantages of union and Public ſpirit, was delivered by Brother John B. Johnſon, much to the ſatisfaction of the Society and a very numerous audiance. In the afternoon, at their feſtival, they were favored with the company of the Mayor, and the French Conſul, when the following toaſts were drank:

1. Union.
2. The Preſident of the United States.
3. Both houſes of Congreſs, may their wiſdom and fidelity be ever rewarded with the gratitude and confidence of their conſtitutents.
4. The Governor of the State of New-York

Extract of a letter juſt received from Philadelphia, dated 9th inſt.

The report is—the Sloop Betſey Capt. Parſons, is juſt arrived from Aux-Cays, which he left the 21ſt of April, and ſays that on the 19th Captain Matthews with three frigates and 800 men appeared before Aux Cays, and was joined by an officer of Polverills commanding a detachment of the Regiment of Dillon; that Polverill was ſummoned to ſurrender in 24 hours, who complied on condition that his perſon and property ſhould be ſecured and be permitted to reſide at Jamaica until the peace.

Extract of a leſter from Boſton, dated May 8.

There is a report juſt circulated that a veſſel has arrived at Portſmouth from England, which bring accounts that the French have taken Guernſey and Jerſey, and that their fleet rides trumphant in the channel; if ſo, John Bull muſt conſent to peace —But perhaps this only the lie of the day.

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 12.

From the Courier Francois of Saturday laſt.

[redacted]nce has created
[redacted]hews how much
[redacted]rs who deſtroy
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[redacted]Equality which
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[redacted]went to the pri-
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[redacted]htful confuſion all
[redacted]d children, who

in attempting to croſs from Gibbet-Iſland, during the ſevere guſt, was upſet and ſunk, and all who were on board periſhed, being ten in number; one of whom was a doctor, five officers belonging to the different French veſſels in this harbor, and four ſailors. The above particulars are ſtated agreeably to the information of a ferryman, who left the iſland a few minutes previous to the ſchooner, and was one of thoſe who went in purſuit of her, but could neither find the veſſel, or any thing belonging thereto.

The reſolution of Mr. W. Smith for continuing the Embargo, was, on Monday laſt, taken up in the Houſe.

After ſome debate on the queſtion for the continuance of the Embargo, the yeas and nays were called for, and are as follow:

For the continuance of the Embargo,	13
Againſt it,	73

JOHN LAURANCE, Eſq. of this city, has been appointed Judge of the New-York Diſtrict Court.

[redacted]Equality which
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[redacted]htful confuſion all
[redacted]d children, who

could ſave themſelves, ſought refuge, ſome at Leogane, others at Archaye. Santhonax ſeeing his party cruſhed, retired to Fort L'Illet, with about 80 whites, determined to defend themſelves; Monbrun ſummoned him to ſurrender in an hour, or he would maſſacre all the whites in the city, men, women and children to the number of 250. Santhonax ſeeing he could not reſiſt, ſurrendered to Monbrun; the 80 whites he had with him ſaved themſelves by fleeing to Leogane and Archaye. Behold then Santhonax in the power of Monbrun, who will have an eye upon him.

It is reported that 500 whites were murdered on this occaſion. That the Negro Hyacinth releaſed from priſon by this event, marched immediately to Cul-deſac, and entered the town with 6 or 7000 negroes; he has poſſeſſed himſelf of the Forts St. Joſeph and St. Clair, determined to reſiſt Santhonax and Monbrun.

Thus to the continual ſhock of authorities, the evil deſigns of foreign powers, perpetual diviſions, the pretentions of one party, and the weakneſs of the other, may be aſcribed the ruin of this miſerable colony. For if all their efforts had been turned to its preſervation, it is not law which they have abuſed, till it is loſt would have deſtroyed them. Union would have been their ſecurity.

Extract of a letter from Captain Andrew Lewis, commanding the State troops, on the frontiers of Virginia, to a member of Congreſs, April 18.

"On the 6th inſt. the Indians, not having an opportunity to do miſchief immediately on the frontiers, came through the ſettlement within 15 miles of Abington, where the people were, as they thought, in perfect ſecurity. They fell on the family of a Mr. Livingſton, and murdered and took the whole. My troops went in purſuit of them, and I have not yet heard the event.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening, the 5th inſt. at Morriſtown, Mr. STANTON LATHAM, of this city, to Miſs ANNE CARMICHAEL of that place.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JOHN VAN NORDER, to Miſs MARGARET YOUNG—both of this city.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Law, Mr. RICHARD COENRAD HAM, of this city, to Miſs ELIZABETH COWENHOVEN, of Brooklyn, Long-Iſland.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. DAVID MORGAN, to Miſs MARGARET BURNS—both of this city.

Same Evening by the Rev. Dr. Livingſton, Mr. THOMAS NEWCOMB of Dutcheſs County to Miſs RACHAEL HOPPER daughter of Mr. Andrew Hopper, merchant of this city.

Mr. MARTIN'S NIGHT.

THEATRE.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

On MONDAY EVENING, *will be preſented,* A COMEDY, (never performed in America) written by Mrs. Cowley, called, A

Bold Stroke for a Huſband.

Previous to the Play, an Occaſional Addreſs by Mr. MARTIN.

To which will be added, a Muſical Farce, *called,*

Flora; Or, Hob in the Well.

To conclude with a NEW PANTOMIME, *called,*

Trick upon Trick;

Or, HARLEQUIN SHEPHERD.

With entire new Tricks, Machinery, &c. the whole to conclude with a DANCE of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes round the May-Pole, with Harlequin and Columbine as the king and queen of the May,

N. B. Tickets to be had of Mr. MARTIN No. 14 John-Street, facing the THEATRE.

Mr. MARTIN begs leave to inform the Public, that the Pantomime of HARLIQUIN SHEPHERD, which he intends for his Benefit is completely novel and entertaining, and contains a number of humourous feats, which he flatters himſelf will not only prove amuſing, but give ample ſatisfaction to his generous Patrons.

CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY.

THE *Members of the* CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY *will pleaſe to take notice, that the next Meeting will be held at Mr. Latham's in Garden-ſtreet, oppoſite the Dutch Church, where punctual attendance is expected.*

EDUCATION.

JAMES LIDDELL, No 79. Crown-Street,

BEGS *leave to inform the public, and his employers in particular, that he continues to teach at the above number the following useful branches, viz. Englifh Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Book Keeping, Geometry, Trygonometry, Menfuration Superficial and Solid. A Morning School will be opened on Monday the 5th of May, from fix to eight, for all the above branches: Alfo the evening hours from eight to ten will be opened for thofe who wifh to ftudy Book Keeping with the addition of all the fubftantiary books ufed in bufinefs.*

N. B J. Liddell returns his moft fincere thanks to all his employers for paft favours, and hopes to merit the continuance thereof by a fteady attendance to all thofe inftructed to his care. Any gentleman wifhing to ftudy the above branches, will be attended at his private lodging from 5 to 7 in the evening (or a family.) Books poted and Balanced at the above number, with exactnefs and Secrecy. 13 6t.

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarfe and fine, for the purpofe of blackening Franklin Stoves, and rons with brafs heads, Plains of various forts good Glue, Brands, of copper or caft iron, of any defcription, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c —Alfo, a general aflortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be difpofed of on reafonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

NOTICE.

BY order of Benjamin Coe, Efquire, firft judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the ftate of New York.

Notice is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flufhing, in the county of Queens, and State of New-York, an abfent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the faid Judge, purfuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled "An act for relief againft abfconding and abfent debtors;" paffed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786. He hath directed all the Eftate, real and perfonal, within the county of Queens, of the faid John Van Lew, an abfent debtor, to be feized: and that unlefs, the faid John Van Lew doth difcharge his debts within one year after this public notice of fuch feizure, all his Eftate, real and perfonal, will be fold for the payment and fatisfaction of his creditors.

Queens County March 22, 1794. 1y.

AN EVENING SCHOOL.

THE *Subfcriber refpectfully informs the public, that on Monday the 5th of May next, he intends, (with the aflifance of a Gentleman every way qualified for the bufinefs) to open an Evening School at his Academy, No. 5, King ftreet, where punctual attendance, will be given, in order to inftruct thofe who may wifh to improve themfelves, in Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Englifh Grammar, and the Latin and Greek Languages. Specimens of Penmanfhip may be feen at the Academy.*

N. B Hours of attendance, during the Summer feafon, from 7 to 9 P. M. Terms of Tuition One Dollar per Month. JOHN CAMPBELL.

April 22. tf.

WANTED.

TWO or three JOURNEYMEN Cabinet Makers, apply to No. 38, Beekman-ftreet.

N. B None need apply but good workmen.

New-York, May 10, 13 tf

Juft received per the laft arrivals from London, and for fale by

CALEB HAVILAND, TAYLOR,
No. 77, late 13, Golden-Hill-Street,

AN elegant aflortment of fuperfine London broad cloths, with trimmings of fuitable colors and quality.

Tamboured veft fhapes, on caffimeres, muflins, muflinets.

Sattins, florentines, nankeens, &c.

Which he is determined to fell on as low terms as can be afforded by any perfon in this city; he returns his thanks to thefe gentlemen, who have hitherto favored him with their cuftom, and now aflures them and the public in general, that he will exert his endeavors to pleafe to the utmoft, all who will honor him with their future cuftom.

New-York, May 10. 13 tf

MILLINARY.

MARY PRINCE,
No. 13 1-2, William-ftreet, New-York.

HAVING procured the greateft variety of bonnets, filks, vellum and other fafhionable ribbons, flatters herfelf fhe has it now in her power of ferving her cuftomers with as elegant new-fafhioned bonnets as any perfon of her line in this city. She has now on hand the following variety.

The Union, Belvidier, Imperial Cottage, Queens Baflket, Queens Village, Englifh, Scotch, Slouch, Old Ladies, Patterfon, Village, Cottage, and York Bonnets of the greateft variety of colours and prices, Calafhes, Cloaks, and Shades, covered Chip Hats, and Scotch Nett Caps, with a great variety of other articles in the above line too tedious to mention.

N. B. Being determined to decline the dry good bufinefs, a fmall quantity remaining on hand will be difpofed of at prime coft, or under.

JAMES HEARD AND Co.
No. 84 (formerly 91.) William-Street.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the Public in general, that they have, and are opening, a very general aflortment of DRY GOODS, fuitable to the prefent, and approaching feafon, many of which are purchafed at reduced prices *for Cafh*, which they will difpofe of WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at fuch prices as will render them an object worthy of attention.

New York, May 10, 1794. 13 tf

JUST Publifhed and to be fold by Robert Hodge, No. 11, Water-ftreet, and Samuel Campbell, No. 47, Hanover-fquare,

Cafes adjudged in the Supreme Court of New-Jerfey, relative to the Manumiffion of Negroes, and others holden in bondage.

"Slavery, in all its forms, in all its degrees, is a violation of the Divine Laws, and a degradation of human nature."

MR. MACK,
Miniature Painter;

WHOSE performances have been fo much admired, by the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts, returns his grateful thanks, for the very liberal encouragement he has received fince in this city, and begs a continuance of favors, which he hopes to merit, being fo fortunate as never to fail taking the moft ftriking likenefs of every fubject he attempts.

New-York, Maiden Lane, No. 43.

WANTED, in a fmall family, a young woman who underftands cooking, waihing, &c. None need apply unlefs well recommended. Enquire at this Office,

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EDUCATION.

TO *accommodate fuch young ladies as wifh to be farther advanced in their education, are unwilling to attend fchool the common hours, Mr. ELY will attend from 6 till 8 A. M. through the fummer, at his feminary, No. 91. Beekman-ftreet. Arithmetic and Geography will be principally attended to: Other branches if required.* May 3.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

WHEN decorating yourfelves with the advantages of drefs, examine one of the greateft ornaments of the perfon, thatis much expofed and much admired,

A Clean full fet of Teeth.

Which may be acquired by applying to

Dr. Greenwood, Approved Dentift,

Directly oppofite the lower corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, No. 10, Vefey-ftreet; where he has every convenience, with apparatus and inftruments to facilitate every operation that comes within the province of a dentift.

Who with fentiments of gratitude acknowledges the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profeffion during ten years fucceffful practice in this city. He makes and fixes teeth in many different ways, fome of which are fubftituted without drawing the ftumps, or caufing the leaft pain; they help maftication, give a youthful air to the countenance, and render pronunciation more agreeable and diftinct.

He cleanfes and reftores the teeth to their original whitenefs, and the breath to its natural fweetnefs.

Thofe perfons who wifh to have information concerning their teeth or gums, &c. will be informed with pleafure by the operator gratis, whofe candor may be depended on; his very moderate charges, (from what has hitherto been demanded by traveling dentifts, &c.) muft be fatisfactory, it is prefumed, to every perfon who pleafes to confult him; he demands no fee for performing any operation that does not equal the moft fanguine expectation.

N. B. Conftant attendance is given at all hours of the day, and all meffages or notes duly noticed.

To be had as above, Specific Dentifrice Powder for preferving the teeth and gums, price 2s. 6d. per box, 24s. per doz.

A generous price given for live or dead front teeth. 03—2m

February 1, 1794.

WANTED, an APPRENTICE to a Genteel Bufinefs. None need apply unlefs of a good character, and reputable connexions. Enquire at this Office.

JUST OPENED.

By JAMES HARRISON,
No. 38, MAIDEN-LANE.

ELEGANT PRINTS; coloured & uncoloured, by the firft maflers; which will be fold upon reafonable terms.

New-York, February 1, 1794.

S. LOYD,

Stay, Mantua-Maker and Milliner.

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that fhe carries on the above bufinefs in all its branches, at No. 21, Great Dock-ftreet.—She returns her moft grateful acknowlegements to her friends and the public for paft favors and hopes to merit a continuence of them.

Thofe ladies who pleafe to favor her with their commands, may depend on the utmoft exertions to give fatisfaction, and the loweft terms.

Orders from town or country punctually obeyed.

July 20, 1793. 71---1y.